

THE DAILY CLARION.

VOL. V.

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NO. 133

THE SUNDAY CLARION.

"I Shall be Satisfied When I Wake in Thy Likeness."

When we stand on Eternity's shore,
We shall think of our sorrows no more;
But, perhaps, looking back on our perilous track,
We'll rejoice that our journey is o'er.

On the banks of the river of Peace
Embraced, we'll sing our release;
We'll join the great chorus of those gone before
In the song that shall never more cease.

Oh! holy, and happy, and blest
Are the ransomed gone home to their rest;
Their burdens of life they have left at the tomb,
While we are still shrinking and dreading its gloom.

We shall wake in Thy likeness at last,
When life is all past;
Ever each satisfied soul bliss imparting
As before Thee our crowns we shall cast.

A FEW MORE YEARS.

A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more storms shall beat
On this wild, windy shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

And few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way,
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He will come again
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him might reign:

Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

From an old number of the Christian Advocate
(and Journal).

A GEM.

MEASURES EDITORS: A few days since
my eye rested upon the following
record in the printed Minutes of the
British Wesleyan Conference of 1796.
I am sure that it will be highly ap-
preciated by all your readers.

January 20, 1840. EVANDER.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE TIME OF CONFERENCE.

Some years ago I wrote the follow-
ing rules for my own conduct during
the time of the Conference, but never
let any one see them till this Confer-
ence. When I showed them to Mr.
Benson, he said they ought to be put
in the Minutes, for general good. I
intended reading them first; but in the
multiplicity of business forgot it.
But as the preachers to whom I showed
them were all of the same mind, that
they ought to be printed, I have ven-
tured to comply with their desire.

S. BRADBURN.

1. Be tender of the character of
every brother; but keep at the utmost
distance from countenancing sin.

2. Say nothing in the Conference
but what is strictly necessary, and to
the point.

3. If accused by any one, remember
reconciliation is no acquittance; there
be avoid it.

4. Beware of impatience of contra-
diction; be firm, but be open to con-
viction. The cause is God's and He
needs not the hands of an Uzzah to
support His ark. The being too tena-
cious of a point because you brought
it forward is only feeding self. Be
quite easy if a majority decide against
you.

5. Use no craft or guile to gain any
point. Genuine simplicity will al-
ways support itself. But there is no
need to say always all you know or
think.

6. Beware of too much confidence
in your own abilities; and never de-
clare an opponent.

7. Avoid all lightness of spirit, even
that would be innocent anywhere else.
Thou God seest me."

8. Thou God seest me."

KEEP THE PULPIT PURE.

These are the last words of Rev. S.
Bliss, late of the Louisville Con-
ference, who fell asleep in Jesus, in
Living Green, Ky., Aug. 17th, 1867.

He had been in an ecstasy of de-
light; had been permitted to look be-
hind the river of death, and to see
that he described in his own words
bright-bright glory." And

for the last time to think of his
reference and the Church, as yet in
the workings of Methodism—

improprieties, and its propensities,
to ruin to which one branch of Meth-
odism is running, and the former prac-
tice and only hope of the other—and

encourage his own beloved fellow-
workers in the right, and to warn
of impending ruin, the last sen-
tence that falls from his dying lips,

contains a volume of warning, and en-
couragement—"Keep the Pulpit Pure."
Amen!

Let every minister of Christ respond
—a long and loud Amen—and let
heaven and earth repeat—Amen.

Let every minister of Christ see
that his own heart is pure; that his
motives are pure; that it is not only
his business to preach a pure gospel,
but to guard its purity; not only to
preach the gospel, but to preach nothing
but the gospel; and nothing to it,
take nothing from it.

"Keep the Pulpit Pure," are words
which deserve not only to be "written,"
but to be "printed in a book"—they
deserve to be carved upon every pul-
pit from which the gospel is preached;

and to finish the sayings of Job, "to
be lead in the rock forever." The
sentence is worthy of being ever be-
fore our eyes, and of being had in
everlasting remembrance.—[Christian
Observer]

THE EAGLE.

As an eagle stretch up her nest, dattereth over
the young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh
them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord
alone did lead him (that is Israel). Deut. xxxii.
11, 12.

The popular sentiment in all ages
has crowned the Eagle the King of
birds, and given him credit for pre-
eminence in magnanimity, courage,
strength and beauty. According to
the ancient pagan mythology, the
Eagle was a sacred bird and the mes-
senger of Jupiter.

In the defence of its young the
Eagle exhibits astonishing daring and
strength, not hesitating to attack men
when invading their nests. A few
years ago, a young man in Scotland
undertook to rob an Eagle's nest of its
young, for the sake of the premium
which was offered by the authorities
for the destruction of this bird. In
climbing to the nest a very dangerous,
craggy precipice had to be passed, at
the top of which, on a projecting cliff,
was the prize. Beneath yawned a
chasm two hundred feet deep. With
one hand the invader held himself up
by grasping a bush that grew out of
the side of the precipice, and with the
other he was seizing the young
Eaglets, when the parent bird hovered
in sight, and dropping the prey she
held, and uttering a wild scream, she
darted upon the intruder, burying her
talons, in the fleshy part of his neck,
and assailing his eyes with her beak.

For a time the young man's destruction
seemed inevitable; but at length he
succeeded in drawing a knife from his
vest, and opening it with his teeth, he
plunged it into the enraged bird till
he killed her. But the marks of the
bird on the face and neck will never
be obliterated; such was his terror,
that when he had escaped from his
perilous situation it was found that his
hair had all turned white.

As the parent Eagle provides for
loves and defends her young, so the
Lord defends and loves His people.
This is the meaning of the figure
quoted above. Let young children
learn by heart this passage of Scripture
and think what a blessed privilege it
is to be one of God's own children;

to nestle as it were under His protecting
wing, to enjoy His protection against
every enemy and every danger.—
[Mother's Magazine.]

"You Never Taught Me to Pray."

When little Willie had reached his
third year, a tumor made its appear-
ance under his chin. Though at first
regarded as only a slight matter, its
rapid increase caused alarm, and a
doctor was called in. Judge of the
grief and consternation of the parents,
when they were told that their child
was on the brink of the grave, that
scarcely the slightest hope could be
given of his recovery!

All that a mother's fond love could
dictate, all that the medical man's skill
could devise was done; but in spite of
it all Willie sickened, and became
worse and worse each day. At times,
his sufferings were intense, but he bore
them with the greatest firmness and
patience.

It soon appeared to all (except his
fond parents, who hoped against hope)
that the sweet child's hours on earth
were numbered. It was toward the
close of a bright summer's day; little
Willie had been in a quiet slumber for
the last hour, but as the mother
watched the labored breathing of her
darling, her heart sank within her.
Presently the little boy opened his
mild, soft eyes; clasping his hands to-
gether and half rising, he fixed a long
reproachful look on his mother; then,
sinking back again, he exclaimed in
agony: "Oh! mother, mother, I cannot
say my prayers: you never taught me
to pray!"

Oh, what a world of reproof was
there in that short sentence! Once
again, the dying child repeated, "You
never taught me to pray." And then
the fluttering pulse ceased altogether,
the quivering eyelids drooped, and the
tightly clasped hands fell motionless.

It was all over! Oh, ye mothers!
teach your children to pray; they can-
not be too young; sickness may seize
upon them; death may carry them off
at any moment. A dying bed is not
the time to begin to point them to
Jesus as their Saviour, and to God as
their Father. Let it not be said that
you never taught your children to
pray.—[British Workman.]

A BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

Clasp the hands meekly over the
still breast—they've no more work to
do; close the weary eyes—they've no
more tears to shed; part the damp
locks—there's no more pains to bear.

Closed is the ear alike to love's kind
voice and calumny's stinging whispers.
O, if in that still heart you have
ruthlessly planted a thorn; if from
that pleading eye you have carelessly
turned away: if your loving glance
and kindly word and clasping hand
have come—all too late—then God for-
give you! No frown gathers on the
marble brow as you gaze—no scorn
curls the childish lip—no flush of
wounded feelings mounts to the blue-
veined temples.

God forgive you! for your feet, too,
must shrink appalled from death's cold
river—your flattering tongue asks,
"can this be death?" Your fading eye
lingers lovingly on the sunny earth.
Your clammy hands yield their last
feeble flutter.

O, rapacious grave! yet another
victim for thy voiceless sleepers! No
warm welcome from a sister's loving
lips! No throb of pleasure from the
dear maternal bosom!

Silent all!

O, if these broken limbs were
never gathered up—if beyond death's
swelling flood there were no eternal
shore—if for the struggling bark there
were no port of peace—if artwark
that lowering cloud sprang no bright
bow of promise—

"Alas for love if this be all,
And naught beyond—on earth!"

The Compass in a Fog.

Did you ever hear the Bible compar-
ed to a mariner's compass? You
have heard it called a guide, to direct
those who are journeying through this
world; a counsellor, to give advice to
those who lack wisdom; a lamp, to
give light to those who are in dark-
ness; and you have readily understood
why such names have been given to
that blessed book. But how can it
be said to be like a mariner's compass?

You probably know that a compass
tells the shipmaster how to shape
the course of his vessel across the
pathless sea, in order to gain some de-
sired point in another part of the
world. He consults it many times
every day, and would consider it a
great misfortune to be deprived of
that instrument at sea.

One beautiful summer evening I was
on board of a steamer. Everything
went smoothly during the first part
of the night; the stars were out and
shining; the sea was calm, the vessel
sped swiftly on her way, and all was
pleasant when the passengers retired
to rest. But towards morning a fog
began to gather about us; and the
nearer the hour approached for the sun
to rise, the denser it became. I was
up betimes, and noticed that, as the
fog thickened, the engines were check-
ed, and the speed of the steamer less-
ened, till at last she seemed scarcely
to move through the water. We could
not see more than her length in any
direction. Before the headlands of
the shore were in sight; now our only
guide was the compass.

I soon found that the officers did
not consider our position without peril.
We were lost in the fog, and they felt
that we were too near the rockbound
coast to be groping along in that dark,
misty shroud.

The captain, pilot, and other officers
held a consultation. When they sep-
arated, the signal was immediately
given to start the engines; and at the
same time, a turn or two of the wheel
brought our steamer to point seaward,
as the compass told us, and away we
went, for some time, directly off shore.

Then there was another consultation
and the steamer's course was again
changed, this time towards the shore.

In about an hour we suddenly heard
a fogbell, and within a few minutes
afterwards we discovered just before
us a rocky point, on which was a light-

house, and the bell which warned us
of our danger. We passed so near
the outer ledge of rocks that you
might have thrown an apple upon it
from the steamer's deck! But when
we reached this dangerous point our
pilot knew where we were. Taking
his course accordingly, he soon
brought the vessel to our "desired
haven."

What the compass is to the mariner
—a guide, but for which the ocean
would be a trackless and perilous
waste—is the Bible to us; it re-
veals a future life, and guides us step
by step till we enter heaven.

Chapter IX. of "Duties," by Rev. R. Abbey.

Concerning the Natural Process
by which Children Inherit Piety.

Association has much to do in the
formation of character. But there is
another law which stands before this,
and which deserves attention just here
—the law of transmission from father
to son. This law is at present but
poorly understood in this new world
of ours. The inheritance by children
from their parents of physical charac-
teristics, though not understood, is
nevertheless easily seen in its results.

And moral and intellectual charac-
teristics are also inherited. And the rule,
at least in some respects, is the same
as that of physical transmission. And
the rule is uniform because it is a rule,
though its effects are not uniformly
seen.

The reason of this lack of unifor-
mity in the descent of characteristics
from the immediate parents to their
children is another of the things we
do not well understand; but we see
that these elements of character some-
times lie latent for one, two, or more
generations, and then crop out here
and there. The occasional introduc-
tion of adverse influences is perhaps, in
part, the cause of these irregularities.

Let an unhealthy father or mother be
introduced into a line of progeny of
great vigor and healthfulness, and the
result will be seen, perhaps, here and
there, two or three generations after-
ward. And nothing but the continu-
ance of the union of healthy parents
will be found able to crowd out, as it
were, after awhile, this unhealthy in-
fusion.

And it is just so in intellectual and
moral characteristics. If dull, talent-
less, and unlettered parents sometimes
bring forth a sprightly and talented
child, it is because a parent with su-
perior endowments was placed in the
chain of ancestry not many links back.

And so, in some respects at least,
does the rule work in morals and even
religion. Though in this case the
counter-influences come in so rapidly
that the result is not so readily dis-
covered. In truth, we have as yet
learned but little of this wonderful
law of our nature. Nor do we indeed
know that we have discovered any-
thing, with certainty, beyond the
tendency. By this is meant, merely,
that in a line of pious ancestry, other
things being equal, and independently
of training, the probability of children
being pious is greater than in a line
of vitiated and irreligious ancestry.

To this it might be objected that
the innate depravity of human nature
stands out in children in all circum-
stances, and cannot be forestalled or
counteracted by any fortuitous circum-
stances, however favorable; and that
to defeat this sin, the attack must be
made direct and in person in each in-
dividual case.

To this objection, if it be objection,
it might be replied, first, that some
states of society are far, very far, more
favorable to the early growth and
propagation of religion than others;
and hence it follows that a community
might be so improved in religion that
sin had not been committed in it for
centuries.

Secondly, that innate natural de-
pravity is not sin, but only a sinful
tendency or predisposition; and, there-
fore, that actual sin, though certain to
occur in certain circumstances, is
never necessary. It ought never to
be, and may, therefore, or ought to be,
avoided in every case.

Thirdly, that a child is capable of
religion as soon as he is capable of sin.
He is capable of doing right as soon as
he is capable of doing wrong. It is
by no means necessary that he should
enter upon and continue for a time in
sin in order to be converted and be-
come a Christian. So soon as mental
development will allow a child to do
wrong, it will allow of his doing right.
Sin is doing wrong; holiness is doing
right. And it would be a contradic-
tion to suppose that when capable of
the one he is not capable of the other.

That the world will become sinless
in its future generations may be set
down as certain; and that this will be
brought about by a gradual improve-
ment of one generation upon another,
successively, is also certain. And this
certainly never could occur if children
did not come into the world with a
religious tendency superior to that of
their ancestors. How moral traits or
tendencies are physically imparted by
the parent to the offspring we may not
know thoroughly in the present state
of science, though it might not be dif-
ficult to show the reasonableness of
the thing upon strictly philosophical
principles.

These laws of transmission, how-
ever, are truly wonderful in their
effects. And we know that they at-
tach as readily to moral as physical
dispositions. For mere lack of oppor-
tunity—our own lives being short—we
do not personally witness these effects
in a current extending beyond a very
few generations. But both history and
analogy testify that the procreative
current is continuous, and is not to be
shifted or broken. Let no parents
enter the line but such as possess some
particular characteristic, no matter
what, and that particular characteris-
tic will continue to rise and predomi-
nate indefinitely.

In the different races of men we see
a great variety and peculiarity of
habitude, and in each a variety of
leading prominent features unlike any
found elsewhere. Now, it is apparent
that these inclinations have strength-
ened by inheritance as generations
passed along down the line of genea-
logical descent. A Laplander or an
Esquimaux with the same education
did not stand equal with the refined
Englishman or American.

If it be true, as has been attempted
to be taught by a very few, but main-
tained by none, that all personal pecu-
liarity of moral and mental tempera-
ment is bestowed directly from nature,
in each individual case, then indeed
there is little or no room left for the
operation of those great mental and
moral agencies, perception and memory.

It is perhaps true that all moral and
mental phenomena result from per-
ception and memory. And that infants
at birth possess these qualities in vari-
ous degrees is certain; and also that
their tendencies or inclinations are
bestowed by our Maker through the
media of procreation. The mode of
the Divine government is natural, and
not immediately miraculous.

We know that, for some reasons,
some persons are more religiously dis-
posed than others. How does this come
about? By God's grace, it might be
replied. But how? Through what
media is this grace bestowed? And
the answer is, by natural rather than
by miraculous means.

A BORROWED SERMON.

A clergyman, in passing to his par-
ish, which was at some distance, had
to pass by the house of another cler-
man. On one occasion, when on his
way to hold the service for the day, to
his great discomfort he found he had
forgotten his sermon. He was at a
loss for a moment to know what to do.
The time would not admit of return-
ing home; and to attempt to preach
without a book was out of the ques-
tion. There was only one help for
him in his difficulty, and that was to
call at the clergyman's whose house
he had to pass, and ask him to lend
him a sermon. This he was most loth
to do, "because," said he to himself,
"he is a Methodist; however, it can-
not, under the circumstances, be help-
ed." He called at the parsonage, saw
the clergyman in question, told him of
his dilemma, and asked him for the
loan of one of his sermons. The cler-
gyman consented, and withdrawing to
his study, resolved to make the
most of the opportunity. He sought
out a sermon upon the text: "Ye must
be born again." The clergyman re-
ceived it with thanks, proceeded to
his church, conducted the service as
usual, and concluded by reading the
borrowed sermon. At the close of
the service one of his congregation
came to him in great distress of mind.

"Sir," said he, "what must I do to
be saved?" "Oh! repeat the Lord's
Prayer," said the clergyman, and the
Ten Commandments. Ah! sir, I
have done that, but I find that won't
save me. I want to know how I am
to be born again, as you have been
telling us this morning." "Well," said
the clergyman, "the fact is, it was a
borrowed sermon, and you had better
go to Rev. M., who lent it to me,
and he will tell you what to do."

From the National Era—old newspaper.
THE MARRIAGE.

How quick 'twas done! how soon 'twas form'd!
—the magic little tie!
And yet, they say, 'twas strong enough, to last
till they shall die.

'Tis very strange, so slight a step, tho' taken in
a minute,
Should strew its fruits along through life, and
color all things in it;

Yet few there be, that take the bonds, that
give a sober thought
On what results may issue from this more than
Gordian knot.

The offer's made, and quick as thought, deci-
sion's given on it;
As rapidly as one would choose the ribbon for
her bonnet.

But if from small and trivial things effects so
mighty rise,
The smallest, 'em to reason's eye, swells out
to mountain size.

And bid us with a prophet's voice, each step
with care to take,
For little steps successive made, life's fleeting
journey make.

The last farewell—the fond farewell—what
sacred ties were broke!
What sweet and holy bonds were riven, when
that farewell was spoke!

Those same bright eyes that beamed on her
with never ceasing care,
Thro' infancy and girlhood's hours, were beam-
ing on her there;

That changeless heart, so close to hers, with
every fibre wove,
Was throbbing at her bridal hour, with undi-
minished love.

And though affection's witching charms were
beckoning to another,
How could she leave, without a sigh, the bosom
of her mother?

When friends and kindred circled her, she'd
O! could she leave them all behind, nor shed a
single tear?

When memories of departed days are cluster-
ing round her heart,
It made the pang a real pang that sever'd them
aspart.

She breaks from all, for lo! she sees the radi-
ant future ope;
More lovely scenes, more witching charms—
the pendulums of hope.

And home is left, with all the scenes, 'midst
which she loved to rove,
For lo! she sees a fairer home, all burnish'd
bright with love.

The honor'd one who clung to her, to counsel
and direct her,
Resigns her charge with one fond kiss, to lov-
er and protector.

But see them now—they mount the cars and
gaily on they move,
And speed them towards their fairy home up-
on the wings of love.

With beating hearts, it high with joy, with-
out a throb of sorrow,
With bills in store, with hope in view, and a
bright future ope.

Ah! happy pair, as ye fly, in pleasure's
arms, so sweetly,
Reflect that all your rosy hours will fly along
as fleetly.

And if ye'd have your path bedeck'd with
every charm and beauty,
O! strew at every step ye take, the springing
seeds of duty.

Then, tho' misfortune's frowns may throng,
And threaten easy to smother,
Ye'll never fail to find a world of bliss, in one
another.

Adieu, adieu, and may the sun, your future
life adorning,
Go down as bright as when it rose upon your
wedding morn'g;

And when the sweet and rosy bonds that bind
you here are riven,
O! may you find them knit again, in fairer
fields in Heaven!

GOD RESOLUTIONS.—A little girl of
six years was a little while ago called
home to God. About a year before
her death, she had a small writing
book given her. After her death, her
mother unlocked it, and found this
writing; it looked like her first writing:

"The minute I wake up in the morn-
ing, I will thank God.
"I will mind my father and mother
always.

"I will try to have my lesson per-
fect.
"I will try to be kind, and not get
cross.

"I want to behave like God's child."
Five very precious rules for a little
child.—[The Myrtle.]

A CURIOUS CONFLICT.—On the Pacific
Railway, in Kansas, on the 21st of
October, between Ellsworth and Hays,
an exciting encounter took place be-
tween a herd of buffaloes and a pas-
senger train. Many shots were fired,
but nothing stopped the tide of the
stampeded beasts. Finally, they
swept across the track, ahead of the
locomotive, fairly worshipping the iron
horse by bringing him to a halt.

It was the saying of a heathen,
that he who would do good, must
either have a faithful friend to instruct
him, or a watchful enemy to correct
him.

CHURCH NOTICE.
The members and congregation of the
First Colored Baptist Church, at Jack-
son, will (until the completion of their new
house of worship), hold Divine service every
Sunday at

ANGELO'S HALL.
Morning service at 11 o'clock.
Evening " 3 "

The public generally, and strangers with-
in the city, are cordially invited to attend.
Eld. MARION DUNBAR, Pastor.
Jackson, Nov. 30th, 1868.

One More Appeal to the Generous.
A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

THE Catholic community are actively
engaged in making preparations for a
CHRISTMAS FAIR

in behalf of the Catholic Church. We
would humbly beg the friends of religion,
both at home and abroad, to assist us by
their aid and sympathy. Contributions in
money or suitable articles for a Christmas
entertainment will be thankfully received,
and are to be directed either to the President
of the Christmas Fair Committee, or to
Father P. Huber, the Catholic Pastor, and
forwarded as early as possible. The Com-
mittee of the Fair will meet every Monday
evening Mr. Angelo's new Hall, at 3 o'clock.

The members of the Committee, and all who
may take an active part in the management
of the Fair are requested to attend punctu-
ally, at the regular meetings. Ladies and
gentlemen of every creed are invited to as-
sist at the regular meetings, and we humbly
hope that our efforts may be successful, and
may leave us under obligations to the entire
community, and enable us to put an hono-
rable finish to our work of love.

By order of the President.
Lome Star Saddles.
Of all kinds at greatly reduced prices.—
Two new styles this fall at
SIDWAYS.

LOUISVILLE.
and
DICKEL and HOOGE,
DEALERS IN

FINE WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY,
SILVER & PLATED WARE.

Spectacles of every Description
MASONIC REGALIA AND JEWELS,
—ALSO IN—
MUSIC BOXES.

No 82 WEST MAIN STREET,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Watches, Clocks, and Music Boxes carefully
repaired and warranted.
Nov 12-dim

WM. KENDRICK,
DEALER IN

WATCHES, DIAMONDS,
JEWELRY, SILVER AND
PLATED WARE, MASONIC